THE *Splendid Shilling.*

AN IMITATION OF *MILTON.*

By Mr. JOHN PHILIPS.

The Third Correct Edition.

——— *Sing, Heavenly Muse,*
Things unattempted yet, in Prose or Rhime,
A Shilling, Breeches, and Chimeras dire.

LONDON: Printed by G. *J.* for HEN. CLEMENTS at the *Half-Moon* in S. *Paul's* Church-Yard. 1719.

BRITISH
MUSEUM

THE
Splendid Shilling.

HAPPY the Man, who void of Cares and Strife,
In Silken, or in Leathern Purſe retains
A *Splendid Shilling*: He nor hears with Pain
New Oyſters cry'd, nor ſighs for chearful Ale;
But with his Friends, when Nightly Miſts ariſe,
To *Juniper's-Magpye*, or *Town-Hall* repairs:
Where, mindful of the Nymph, whoſe wanton Eye
Transfix'd his Soul, and kindled Amorous Flames,
CHLOE, or PHILLIS; he each Circling Glaſs
Wiſheth her Health, and Joy, and equal Love.
Mean while, he ſmoaks, and laughs at merry Tale,
Or *Pun* ambiguous, or *Conundrum* quaint.

But I, whom griping Penury ſurrounds,
And Hunger, ſure Attendant upon Want,
With ſcanty Offals, and ſmall acid Tiff
(Wretched Repaſt!) my meagre Corps ſuſtain:
Then ſolitary walk, or doze at home
In Garret vile, and with a warming Puff
Regale chill'd Fingers; or from Tube as black
As Winter-Chimney, or well-poliſh'd Jet,
Exhale *Mundungus*, ill-perfuming Scent:
Not blacker Tube, nor of a ſhorter Size
Smoaks *Cambro-Britain* (vers'd in Pedigree,
Sprung from *Cadwallader* and *Arthur*, Kings
Full famous in Romantick Tale) when he
O'er many a craggy Hill, and barren Cliff,
Upon a Cargo of ſam'd *Ceſtrian* Cheeſe,
High over-ſhadowing Rides, with a deſign
To vend his Wares, or at th' *Arvonian* Mart,
Or *Maridunum*, or the Ancient Town
Yclip'd *Brechinia*, or where *Vaga*'s Stream
Encircles *Arconium*, fruitful Soil!
Whence flow Nectareous Wines, that well may vie
With *Maſſic*, *Setin*, or renown'd *Falern*.

Thus, while my joyleſs Minutes tedious flow,
With Looks demure, and ſilent Pace, a *Dun*,
Horrible Monſter! hated by Gods and Men,
To my Aerial Citadel aſcends,
With Vocal Heel thrice thund'ring at my Gate,
With hideous Accent Thrice he calls; I know

The

The Voice ill-boding, and the ſolemn Sound.
What ſhou'd I do? or whither turn? Amaz'd,
Confounded, to the dark Receſs I fly
Of Woodhole; ſtrait my briſtling Hairs erect
Thro' ſudden Fear; a chilly Sweat bedews
My ſhud'ring Limbs, and (wonderful to tell!)
My Tongue forgets her Faculty of Speech;
So horrible he ſeems! his faded Brow
Entrench'd with many a Frown, and Conic Beard,
And ſpreading Band, admir'd by Modern Saints,
Diſaſtrous Acts forebode; in his Right Hand
Long Scrolls of Paper ſolemnly he waves,
With Characters, and Figures dire inſcrib'd,
Grievous to Mortal Eyes; (ye Gods avert
Such Plagues from Righteous Men!) Behind him ſtalks
Another Monſter, not unlike himſelf,
Sullen of Aſpect, by the Vulgar call'd
A *Catchpole*, whoſe polluted Hands the Gods
With Force incredible, and Magick Charms
Erſt have endu'd, if he his ample Palm
Should haply on ill-fated Shoulder lay
Of Debtor, ſtrait his Body, to the Touch
Obſequious, (as whilom Knights were wont)
To ſome Inchanted Caſtle is convey'd,
Where Gates impregnable, and coercive Chains
In Durance ſtrict detain him, till in form
Of Money, PALLAS ſets the Captive free.

Beware, ye Debtors, when ye walk beware,
Be circumſpect; oft with inſidious Ken

This Caitif eyes your Steps aloof, and oft
Lies perdue in a Nook, or gloomy Cave,
Prompt to inchant ſome inadvertent Wretch
With his unhallow'd Touch. So (Poets ſing)
Grimalkin to Domeſtick Vermin ſworn
An everlaſting Foe, with watchful Eye
Lies Nightly brooding o'er a chinky Gap,
Protending her fell Claws, to thoughtleſs Mice
Sure Ruin. So her diſembowell'd Web
Arachne in a Hall, or Kitchin ſpreads,
Obvious to vagrant Flies: She ſecret ſtands
Within her woven Cell; the Humming Prey,
Regardleſs of their Fate, ruſh on the Toils
Inextricable, nor will aught avail
Their Arts, or Arms, or Shapes of lovely Hue;
The Waſp inſidious, and the buzzing Drone,
And Butterfly proud of expanded Wings
Diſtinct with Gold, entangled in her Snares,
Uſeleſs Reſiſtance make: With eager Strides,
She tow'ring flies to her expected Spoils;
Then, with envenom'd Jaws the vital Blood
Drinks of reluctant Foes, and to her Cave
Their bulky Carcaſſes triumphant drags.

So paſs my Days. But when Nocturnal Shades
This World invelop, and th' inclement Air
Perſuades Men to repel benumming Froſts
With pleaſant Wines, and crackling Blaze of Wood;

Me

Me lonely sitting, nor the glimmering Light
Of Make-weight Candle, nor the joyous Talk
Of loving Friend delights; distress'd, forlorn,
Amidst the Horrors of the tedious Night,
Darkling I sigh, and feed with dismal Thoughts
My anxious Mind; or sometimes mournful Verse
Indite, and sing of Groves and Myrtle Shades,
Or desperate Lady near a purling Stream,
Or Lover pendant on a Willow-Tree.
Mean while, I labour with eternal Drought,
And restless wish, and rave; my parched Throat
Finds no Relief, nor heavy Eyes Repose:
But if a Slumber haply does invade
My weary Limbs, my Fancy's still awake,
Thoughtful of Drink, and eager, in a Dream,
Tipples imaginery Pots of Ale,
In vain; awake I find the settled Thirst
Still gnawing, and the pleasant Phantom curse.

Thus do I Live from Pleasure quite debarr'd,
Nor taste the Fruits that the Sun's genial Rays
Mature, *John-Apple*, nor the downy *Peach*,
Nor *Walnut* in rough-furrow'd Coat secure,
Nor *Medlar*-Fruit, delicious in decay:
Afflictions Great! yet Greater still remain:
My *Galligaskins* that have long withstood
The Winter's Fury, and incroaching Frosts,
By Time subdu'd, (what will not Time subdue!)
An horrid Chasm disclose, with Orifice
Wide, discontinuous; at which the Winds

Eurus and *Auster*, and the dreadful Force
Of *Boreas*, that congeals the *Cronian* Waves,
Tumultuous enter with dire chilling Blasts,
Portending Agues. Thus a well-fraught Ship
Long sail'd secure, or thro' th' *Ægean* Deep,
Or the *Ionian*, till Cruising near
The *Lilybean* Shore, with hideous Crush
On *Scylla*, or *Charybdis* (dang'rous Rocks)
She strikes rebounding, whence the shatter'd Oak,
So fierce a Shock unable to withstand,
Admits the Sea; in at the gaping Side
The crowding Waves gush with impetuous Rage,
Resistless, Overwhelming; Horrors seize
The Mariners, Death in their Eyes appears.
They Stare, they Lave, they Pump, they Swear, they Pray;
(Vain Efforts!) still the battering Waves rush in,
Implacable, till delug'd by the Foam,
The Ship sinks found'ring in the vast Abyss.

BRITISH MUSEUM

BLEIN-

11631. b. 24

BLEINHEIM:

A

POEM,

Inscribed to the Rt Honble

Robt Harley Esq;

By Mr. JOHN PHILIPS.

The Fifth Edition.

LONDON: Printed by G. J. for HEN. CLEMENTS at the *Half-Moon* in S. *Paul's* Church-Yard. 1719.

A

POEM.

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BLEINHEIM:

A

POEM.

ROM low and abject Themes, the Grov'ling Muſe
Now mounts Aerial, to ſing of Arms
Triumphant, and emblaze the Martial Acts
Of *Britain*'s Heroe: May the Verſe not ſink
Beneath his Merits, but detain a while
Thy Ear, O HARLEY, (tho' thy Country's Weal
Depends on Thee, tho' Mighty ANNE requires
Thy hourly Counſels) ſince with ev'ry Art

Thy-

Thyself adorn'd, the mean Eſſays of Youth
Thou wilt not damp, but guide, wherever ſound,
The willing Genius to the Muſes Seat:
Therefore, Thee firſt, and laſt, the Muſe ſhall ſing.

LONG had the *Gallic* Monarch uncontroul'd
Enlarg'd his Borders, and of Humane Force
Opponent, ſlightly thought, in Heart elate,
As erſt SESOSTRIS, (proud *Ægyptian* King,
That Monarchs harneſs'd to his Chariot yokt,
(Baſe Servitude!) and his dethron'd Compeers
Laſht furious; they in ſullen Majeſty
Drew the uneaſy Load.) Nor leſs he aim'd
At Univerſal Sway: For WILLIAM's Arm
Could nought avail, however fam'd in War;
Nor Armies leagu'd, that diverſly eſſay'd
To curb his Pow'r enormous; like an Oak,
That ſtands ſecure, tho' all the Winds employ
Their careleſs Roar, and only ſheds its Leaves,
Or Maſt, which the revolving Spring reſtores:
So ſtood He, and Alone; Alone defy'd
The *European* Thrones combin'd, and ſtill
Had ſet at Nought their Machinations vain,
But that Great ANNE, weighing th' Events of War
Momentous, in Her prudent Heart, Thee choſe,
Thee, CHURCHILL, to direct in nice Extreams
Her Banner'd Legions. Now their priſtine Worth
The *Britons* recollect, and gladly change
Sweet Native Home for unaccuſtom'd Air,

And

And other Climes, where diff'rent Food and Soil
Portend Diſtempers; over dank, and dry,
They journey toilſome, unfatigu'd with Length
Of March, unſtruck with Horror at the ſight
Of *Alpine* Ridges bleak, high ſtretching Hills,
All White with Summer Snows. They go beyond
The Trace of *Engliſh* Steps, where ſcarce the Sound
Of *Henry*'s Arms arriv'd; ſuch Strength of Heart
Thy Conduct, and Example gives; nor ſmall
Encouragement, GODOLPHIN, Wiſe, and Juſt,
Equal in Merit, Honour, and Succeſs,
To *Burleigh*, (fortunate alike to ſerve
The Beſt of Queens:) He, of the Royal Store
Splendidly frugal, ſits whole Nights devoid
Of ſweet Repoſe, Induſtrious to procure
The Soldiers Eaſe; to Regions far remote
His Care extends, and to the *Britiſh* Hoſt
Makes ravag'd Countries plenteous as their own.

And now, O CHURCHILL, at thy wiſht Approach
The *Germans* hopeleſs of Succeſs, forlorn,
With many an Inroad gor'd, their drooping Cheer
New animated rouſe: Not more rejoice
The miſerable Race of Men, that live
Benighted half the Year, benumm'd with Froſts
Perpetual, and rough *Boreas* keeneſt Breath,
Under the Polar Bear, inclement Sky;
When firſt the Sun with New-born Light removes
The long incumbent Gloom: Gladly to thee
Heroic Laurel'd EUGENE yields the Prime,

Nor thinks it Diminution, to be rankt
In Military Honour next, altho'
His deadly Hand ſhook the *Turcheſtan* Throne
Accurs'd, and prov'd in far divided Lands
Victorious; on thy pow'rful Sword alone
Germania, and the *Belgic* Coaſt relies,
Won from th'encroaching Sea: That Sword Great ANNE
Fix'd not in vain on thy puiſſant Side,
When Thee Sh'enroll'd Her Garter'd Knights among,
Illuſtrating the Noble Liſt; Her Hand
Aſſures good Omens, and Saint *George*'s Worth
Enkindles like Deſire of high Exploits.
Immediate Sieges, and the Tire of War
Rowl in thy eager Mind; thy Plumy Creſt
Nods horrible, with more terrific Port
Thou walk'ſt, and ſeem'ſt already in the Fight.

What Spoils, what Conqueſts then did *Albion* hope
From thy Atchievements! yet thou haſt ſurpaſt
Her boldeſt Vows, exceeded what thy Foes
Could fear, or fancy; they, in Multitude
Superior, fed their Thoughts with Proſpect vain
Of Victory, and Repine, reck'ning what
From ranſom'd Captives would accrue. Thus One
Jovial his Mate beſpoke; O Friend, obſerve,
How gay with all th'Accoutrements of War
The *Britons* come, with Gold well fraught they come
Thus far, our Prey, and tempt us to ſubdue
Their recreant Force; how will their Bodies ſtript
Enrich the Victors, while the Vultures ſate

Their

Their Maws with full Repaſt! Another, warm'd
With high Ambition, and Conceit of Proweſs
Inherent, arrogantly thus preſum'd;
What if This Sword, full often drench'd in Blood
Of baſe Antagoniſts, with griding Edge
Should now cleave ſheer the execrable Head
Of CHURCHILL, met in Arms! or if This Hand
Soon as his Army diſarray'd 'gins ſwerve,
Should ſtay Him flying, with retentive Gripe,
Confounded, and appal'd! no trivial Price
Should ſet Him free, nor ſmall ſhould be My Praiſe
To lead Him ſhackl'd, and expoſed to Scorn
Of gath'ring Crowds the *Briton*'s boaſted Chief.

Thus They, in ſportive mood, their empty Taunts
And Menaces expreſt; nor could their Prince
In Arms, vain *Tallard*, from opprobrious Speech
Refrain; Why halt ye thus, ye *Britons!* Why
Decline the War? Shall a Moraſs forbid
Your eaſie March? Advance; we'll bridge a Way,
Safe of Acceſs. Imprudent, thus t'invite
A furious Lion to his Folds! that Boaſt
He ill abides, Captive in other Plight
He ſoon reviſits *Britanny*, that once
Reſplendent came, with ſtretcht Retinue girt,
And pompous Pageantry; O Hapleſs Fate,
If any Arm, but CHURCHILL's, had prevail'd.

No need ſuch Boaſts, or Exprobations falſe
Of Cowardice; the Military Mound

The *Britiſh* Files tranſcend, in evil Hour
For their proud Foes, that fondly brav'd their Fate.
And now on either Side the Trumpet blew,
Signal of Onſet, Reſolution firm
In'piring, and pernicious Love of War.
The adverſe Fronts in rueful Conflict meet,
Collecting all their Might; for on th'Event
Deciſive of this bloody Day depends
The Fate of Kingdoms: With leſs Vehemence
The great Competitors for *Rome* engag'd,
Cæſar, and *Pompey*, on *Pharſalian* Plains,
Where ſtern *Bellona*, with one final Stroke,
Adjudg'd the Empire of this Globe to One.
Here the *Bavarian* Duke his Brigades leads,
Gallant in Arms, and Gaudy to behold,
Bold Champion! brandiſhing his *Noric* Blade,
Beſt temper'd Steel, ſucceſsleſs prov'd in Field!
Next *Tallard*, with his *Celtic* Infantry
Preſumptuous comes: Here CHURCHILL, not ſo prompt
To Vaunt as Fight, his hardy Cohorts joins
With EUGENE's *German* Force. Now from each Van
The brazen Inſtruments of Death diſcharge
Horrible Flames, and turbid ſtreaming Clouds
Of Smoak ſulphureous, intermixt with theſe
Large globous Irons fly, of dreadful Hiſs,
Singeing the Air, and from long Diſtance bring
Surprizing Slaughter; on each Side they fly
By Chains connext, and with deſtructive Sweep
Behead whole Troops at once; the hairy Scalps
Are whirl'd aloof, wild numerous Trunks beſtrow

Th'en-

Th'enſanguin'd Field; with latent Miſchief ſtor'd
Show'rs of Granadoes rain, by ſudden Burſt
Diſploding murd'rous Bowels, Fragments of Steel,
And Stones, and Glaſs, and nitrous Grain aduſt.
A Thouſand Ways at once the ſhiver'd Orbs
Fly diverſe, working Torment, and foul Rout
With deadly Bruiſe, and Gaſhes furrow'd deep.
Of Pain impatient, the high prancing Steeds
Diſdain the Curb, and flinging to and fro,
Spurn their diſmounted Riders; they expire
Indignant, by unhoſtile Wounds deſtroy'd.

Thus thro' each Army Death, in various Shapes,
Prevail'd; here mangled Limbs, here Brains and Gore
Lye clotted; lifeleſs Some: With Anguiſh Theſe
Gnaſhing, and loud Laments invoking Aid,
Unpity'd, and unheard; the louder Din
Of Guns, and Trumpets Clang, and ſolemn Sound
Of Drums o'ercame their Groans. In equal Scale
Long hung the Fight, few Marks of Fear were ſeen,
None of Retreat: As when two adverſe Winds,
Sublim'd from dewy Vapours, in mid Sky
Engage with horrid Shock, the ruffled Brine
Roars ſtormy, they together daſh the Clouds,
Levying their Equal Force with utmoſt Rage;
Long undecided laſts the Airy Strife.

So they, incens'd: 'Till CHURCHILL, viewing where
The Violence of *Tallard* moſt prevail'd,
Came to oppoſe His ſlaught'ring Arm; with ſpeed

Precipitant He rode, urging his Way
O'er Hills of gasping Heroes, and fall'n Steeds
Rowling in Death: Destruction, grim with Blood,
Attends His furious Course. Him thus enrag'd
Descrying from afar some Engineer,
Dextrous to guide th'unerring Charge, design'd
By One nice Shot to terminate the War.
With Aim direct the level'd Bullet flew,
But miss'd her Scope (for Destiny withstood
Th'approaching Wound) and guiltless plough'd her Way
Beneath his Courser; round His Sacred Head
The glowing Balls play innocent, while He
With dire impetuous Sway deals Fatal Blows
Amongst the scatter'd *Gauls*. But O! Beware,
Great Warrior, nor too prodigal of Life
Expose the *British* Safety: Hath not *Jove*
Already warn'd Thee to withdraw? Reserve
Thyself for other Palms. Ev'n now Thy Aid
EUGENE, with Regiments unequal prest,
Awaits; This Day of all his Honours gain'd
Despoils Him, if Thy Succour opportune
Defends not the sad Hour: Permit not Thou
So brave a Leader with the Vulgar Herd
To bite the Ground unnoted.---Swift, and Fierce
As wintry Storm, He flies, to reinforce
The yielding Wing; in *Gallic* Blood again
He dawes His reeking Sword, and strows the Ground
With headless Ranks; (so *Ajax* interpos'd
His Sevenfold Shield, and skreen'd *Laertes*'s Son,
For Valour much, and Warlike Wiles Renown'd,

When

When the insulting *Trojans* urg'd him sore
With tilted Spears:) Unmanly Dread invades
The *French* astony'd; straight Their Thirst of Blood
They quit, and in ignoble Flight confide,
Unseemly Yelling; distant Hills return
The hideous Noise. What can They do? or, how
Withstand His Wide-destroying Sword? or, where
Find Shelter thus repuls'd? Behind with Wrath
Resistless, th'Eager *English* Champions press,
Chastising tardy Flight; before them rows
His Current swift the *Danube*, Vast, and Deep,
Supream of Rivers; to the frightful Brink,
Urg'd by compulsive Arms, soon as they reacht,
New Horror chill'd Their Veins; devote They saw
Themselves to wretched Doom; with Effort vain,
Encourag'd by Despair, or Obstinate
To Fall like Men in Arms, Some dare renew
Feeble Engagement, meeting Glorious Fate
On the firm Land; the Rest discomfited,
And pusht by MARLBOROUGH's avengeful Hand,
Leap plunging in the wide extended Flood:
Bands, numerous as the *Memphian* Soldiery
That swell'd the *Erythraean* Wave, when Wall'd
The unfroze Waters marvelously stood,
Observant of the Great Command. Uphorne
By frothy Billows Thousands float the Stream
In cumbrous Mail, with Love of farther Shore;
Confiding in their Hands, that sedulous strive
To cut th' outragious Fluent: In this Distress,
Ev'n in the sight of Death, Some, Tokens shew

Of

Of fearleſs Friendſhip, and their ſinking Mates
Suſtain; vain Love, tho' laudable! abſorpt
By a fierce Eddy, They together ſound
The vaſt Profundity; their Horſes paw
The ſwelling Surge, with fruitleſs Toil: Surcharg'd,
And in his Courſe obſtructed by large Spoil,
The River flows redundant, and attacks
The lingring Remnant with unuſual Tide;
Then Rowling back, in His Capacious Lap
Ingulfs Their whole Militia, quick immerſt.
So when ſome ſwelt'ring Travellers retire
To leafy Shades, near the cool Sunleſs Verge
Of *Paraba*, *Braſilian* Stream; Her Tail
Of vaſt Extenſion, from Her watry Den,
A griſly *Hydra* ſuddenly ſhoots forth,
Inſidious, and with curl'd invenom'd Train
Embracing horridly, at once the Crew
Into the River whirls; th' unweeting Prey
Entwiſted roars, th'Affrighted Flood rebounds.

Nor did the *Britiſh* Squadrons now ſurceaſe
To gall their Foes o'erwhelm'd; full many felt
In the moiſt Element a ſcorching Death,
Pierc'd ſinking; ſhrouded in a dusky Cloud
The Current flows, with livid miſſive Flames
Boiling, as once *Pergameon Xanthus* boil'd,
Inflam'd by *Vulcan*, when th' ſwift-footed Son
Of *Peleus* to his baleful Banks purſu'd
The ſtraggling *Trojans*: Nor leſs Eager drove
Victorious CHURCHILL His deſponding Foes

Into

Into the Deep immenſe, that many a League
Impurpl'd ran, with guſhing Gore diſtain'd.

Thus the Experienc'd Valour of One Man,
Mighty in Conflict, reſcu'd haraſt Pow'rs
From Ruin impendent, and th' afflicted Throne
Imperial, that once Lorded o'er the World,
Suſtain'd. With prudent Stay, he long deferr'd
The rough Contention, nor would deign to rout
An Hoſt diſparted; when, in Union firm
Embody'd, They Advanc'd, collecting All
Their Strength, and worthy ſeem'd to be ſubdu'd;
He the proud Boaſters ſent, with ſtern Aſſault,
Down to the Realms of Night. The *Britiſh* Souls,
(A Lamentable Race!) that ceas'd to breathe,
On *Landen* Plains, this Heav'nly Gladſome Air,
Exult to ſee the crowding Ghoſts deſcend
Unnumber'd; well aveng'd, they quit the Cares
Of Mortal Life, and drink th' Oblivious Lake.
Not ſo the New Inhabitants; They roam
Erroneous, and diſconſolate, Themſelves
Accuſing, and their Chiefs, improvident
Of Military Chance; when lo! They ſee,
Thro' the Dun Miſt, in Blooming Beauty freſh,
Two Lovely Youths, that Amicably walkt
O'er Verdant Meads, and pleas'd, perhaps, revolv'd
ANNA's late Conqueſts; One, to Empire Born,
Egregious Prince, whoſe Manly Childhood ſhew'd
His mingled Parents, and portended Joy
Unſpeakable; Thou, His Aſſociate Dear

Once

Once in this World, nor now by Fate disjoin'd,
Had thy presiding Star propitious shone,
Shouldst CHURCHILL be! But Heav'n severe cut short
Their springing Years, nor would, this Isle should boast
Gifts so Important! Them the *Gallic* Shades
Surveying, read in either radiant Look
Marks of excessive Dignity and Grace,
Delighted; 'till, in One, their Curious Eye
Discerns their Great Subduer's Awful Mien,
And Corresponding Features Fair; to Them
Confusion! Straight the Airy Phantoms fleet,
With Headlong Haste, and dread a new Pursuit;
The Image pleas'd with Joy Paternal Smiles.

Enough, O Muse; the sadly-pleasing Theme
Leave, with these Dark Abodes, and re-ascend
To breathe the upper Air, where Triumphs wait
The Conqu'ror, and sav'd Nations joint Acclaim.
Hark, how the Cannon, inoffensive Now,
Gives Signs of Gratulation; struggling Crowds
From ev'ry City flow; with ardent Gaze
Fixt, they behold the *British* Guide, of Sight
Insatiate; whilst His Great Redeeming Hand
Each Prince affects to touch respectful. See,
How *Prussia*'s King transported entertains
His Mighty Guest; to Him the Royal Pledge,
Hope of his Realm, commits, (with better Fate,
Than to the *Trojan* Chief *Evander* gave
Unhappy *Pallas*) and intreats to shew
The Skill and Rudiments austere of War.

See,

See, with what Joy, Him LEOPOLD declares
His Great Deliverer; and courts t'accept
Of Titles, with ſuperior Modeſty
Better refus'd. Mean while, the Haughty King
Far humbler Thoughts now learns; Deſpair, and Fear
Now firſt he feels; his Laurels all at once
Torne from his Aged Head, in Life's Extream,
Diſtract his Soul; nor can Great *Boileau's* Harp
Of various ſounding Wire, beſt taught to calm
Whatever Paſſion, and exalt the Soul
With higheſt Strains, his languid Spirits cheer:
Rage, Shame, and Grief, alternate in his Breaſt.

But who can tell what Pangs, what ſharp Remorſe
Torment the *Boian* Prince? From Native Soil
Exil'd by Fate, torne from the dear Embrace
Of weeping Conſort, and depriv'd the Sight
Of his young guiltleſs Progeny, he ſeeks
Inglorious Shelter, in an Alien Land;
Deplorable! but that his Mind averſe
To Right, and Inſincere, would violate
His plighted Faith: Why did he not accept
Friendly Compoſure offer'd? or well weigh,
With Whom he muſt contend? Encount'ring fierce
The *Solymæan* Sultan, he o'erthrew
His Moony Troops, returning bravely ſmear'd
With *Painim* Blood effus'd; nor did the *Gaul*
Not find him once a baleful Foe: But when,
Of Counſel raſh, new Meaſures he purſues,
Unhappy Prince! (no more a Prince) he ſees

Too

Too late his Error, forc'd t' implore Relief
Of Him, he once defy'd. O Deſtitute
Of Hope, unpity'd! Thou ſhould'ſt firſt have thought
Of perſevering ſtedfaſt; now upbraid
Thy own inconſtant ill-aſpiring Heart.
Lo! how the *Noric* Plains, thro' Thy Default,
Riſe hilly, with large Piles of ſlaughter'd Knights,
Beſt Men, that warr'd ſtill firmly for their Prince,
Tho' Faithleſs, and Unſhaken Duty ſhew'd;
Worthy of Better End. Where Cities ſtood,
Well Fenc'd, and Numerous, Deſolation reigns,
And Emptineſs; diſmay'd, unfed, unhous'd,
The Widow, and the Orphan ſtrole around
The Deſart wide; with oft retorted Eye
They view the Gaping Walls, and Poor Remains
Of Manſions, once their own (now loathſome Haunts
Of Birds obſcene) bewailing loud the Loſs
Of Spouſe, or Sire, or Son, e'er Manly Prime
Slain in ſad Conflict, and complain of Fate
As Partial, and too Rigorous; nor find
Where to retire themſelves, or where appeaſe
Th' afflictive keen Deſire of Food, expos'd
To Winds, and Storms, and Jaws of Savage Beaſts.

Thrice Happy *Albion!* from the World disjoin'd
By Heav'n Propitious, Bliſsful Seat of Peace!
Learn from Thy Neighbour's Miſeries to prize
Thy Welfare; Crown'd with Nature's Choiceſt Gift,
Remote Thou hear'ſt the Dire Effect of War,
Depopulation, void alone of Fear,

And

And Peril, whilſt the Diſmal Symphony
Of Drums and Clarions other Realms annoys.
Th' *Iberian* Scepter undecided, here
Engages mighty Hoſts in waſteful Strife;
From diff'rent Climes the Flow'r of Youth deſcends
Down to the *Luſitanian* Vales, reſolv'd
With utmoſt Hazard to Enthrone their Prince,
Gallic, or *Auſtrian*; Havoc dire enſues,
And wild Uproar: The Natives, dubious whom
They muſt obey, in Conſternation wait,
'Till rigid Conqueſt will pronounce their Liege.
Nor is the Brazen Voice of War unheard
On the mild *Latian* Shore; what Sighs and Tears
Hath EUGENE caus'd! How many Widows curſe
His cleaving Faulchion! Fertile Soil in vain!
What do thy Paſtures, or thy Vines avail,
Beſt Boon of Heav'n! or huge *Taburnus*, cloath'd
With Olives, when the cruel Battle mows
The Planters, with their Harveſt immature?
See, with what Outrage from the froſty North,
The early Valiant *Swede* draws forth his Wings
In Battailous Array, while *Volga*'s Stream
Sends oppoſite, in ſhaggy Armor clad,
Her Borderers; on mutual Slaughter bent,
They rend their Countries. How is *Poland* vext
With Civil Broils, while Two elected Kings
Contend for Sway? Unhappy Nation, left
Thus free of Choice! The *Engliſh*, undiſturb'd
With ſuch ſad Privilege, ſubmiſs obey
Whom Heav'n ordains Supream, with Rev'rence due,

Not Thraldom, in fit Liberty ſecure.
From Scepter'd Kings, in long Deſcent deriv'd,
Thou ANNA ruleſt, prudent to promote
Thy People's Eaſe at home, nor ſtudious leſs
Of *Europe*'s Good; to Thee, of Kingly Rights
Sole Arbitreſs, declining Thrones, and Pow'rs
Sue for Relief; Thou bid'ſt Thy CHURCHILL go,
Succour the injur'd Realms, defeat the Hopes
Of Haughty LOUIS, unconfin'd; He goes
Obſequious, and the dread Command fulfils,
In one Great Day. Again, Thou giv'ſt in charge
To ROOK, that He ſhould let that Monarch know,
The Empire of the Ocean wide diffus'd
Is Thine; behold! with winged Speed He rides
Undaunted o'er the lab'ring Main, t'aſſert
Thy liquid Kingdoms; at his near Approach
The *Gallick* Navies, impotent to bear
His volly'd Thunder, torn, diſſever'd, ſcud,
And bleſs the friendly interpoſing Night.

Hail, Mighty QUEEN, reſerv'd by Fate, to grace
The New-born Age; what Hopes may we conceive
Of future Years, when to Thy early Reign
Neptune ſubmits his Trident, and Thy Arms
Already have prevail'd to th'utmoſt Bound,
Heſperian, *Calpe*, by *Alcides* fixt,
Mountain ſublime, that caſts a Shade of Length
Immeaſurable, and rules the inland Waves!
Let Others, with inſatiate Thirſt of Rule,
Invade their Neighbours Lands, neglect the Ties

Of

Of Leagues and Oaths; this Thy peculiar Praiſe
Be ſtill, to ſtudy Right, and quell the Force
Of Kings perfidious; let them learn from Thee
That neither Strength, nor Policy refin'd,
Shall with Succeſs be crown'd, where Juſtice fails,
Thou, with Thy own Content, not for Thyſelf,
Subdueſt Regions, Generous to raiſe
The ſuppliant Knee, and cure the Rebel Neck.
Tho *German* boaſts Thy Conqueſts, and enjoys
The great Advantage; nought to Thee redounds
But Satisfaction from Thy conſcious Mind.

Auſpicious QUEEN, ſince in Thy Realms ſecure
Of Peace Thou Reign'ſt, and Victory attends
Thy diſtant Enſigns, with Compaſſion view
Europe embroil'd, Still Thou (for Thou alone
Sufficient art) the jarring Kingdoms Ire,
Reciprocally ruinous; Say, who
Shall weild the *Heſperian*, who the *Poliſh* Sword,
By thy Decree; the trembling Lands ſhall hear
Thy Voice, Obedient, leſt Thy Scourge ſhould bruiſe
Their ſtubborn Necks, and CHURCHILL in his Wrath
Make Them remember *Bleinheim* with Regret.

Thus ſhall the Nations, aw'd to Peace, extol
Thy Pow'r, and Juſtice; Jealouſies and Fears,
And Hate infernal baniſht, ſhall retire
To *Mauritania*, or the *Bactrian* Coaſts,
Or *Tartary*, engend'ring Diſcords fell
Amongſt the Enemies of Truth; while Arts

Pacific, and inviolable Love
Floriſh in *Europe*. Hail *Saturnian* Days
Returning! In perpetual Tenor run
Delectable, and ſhed your Influence ſweet
On Vertuous ANNA's Head; ye happy Days,
By HER reſtor'd, Her juſt Deſigns compleat,
And, mildly on HER Shining, bleſs the World.

Thus from the noiſy Crowd exempt, with Eaſe,
And Plenty bleſt, amid the mazy Groves;
(Sweet Solitude!) where warbling Birds provoke
The ſilent Muſe, delicious Rural Seat
Of SAINT *JOHN*, *Engliſh Memmius*, I preſum'd
To ſing *Britannic* Trophies, inexpert
Of War, with mean Attempt; while He intent
(So ANNA's Will ordains) to expedite
His Military Charge, no Leiſure finds
To ſtring His charming Shell; but when return'd
Conſummate Peace ſhall rear Her chearful Head,
Then ſhall His CHURCHILL in ſublimer Verſe
For ever triumph; lateſt Times ſhall learn
From ſuch a *Chief* to Fight, and *Bard*, to Sing.

FINIS.

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